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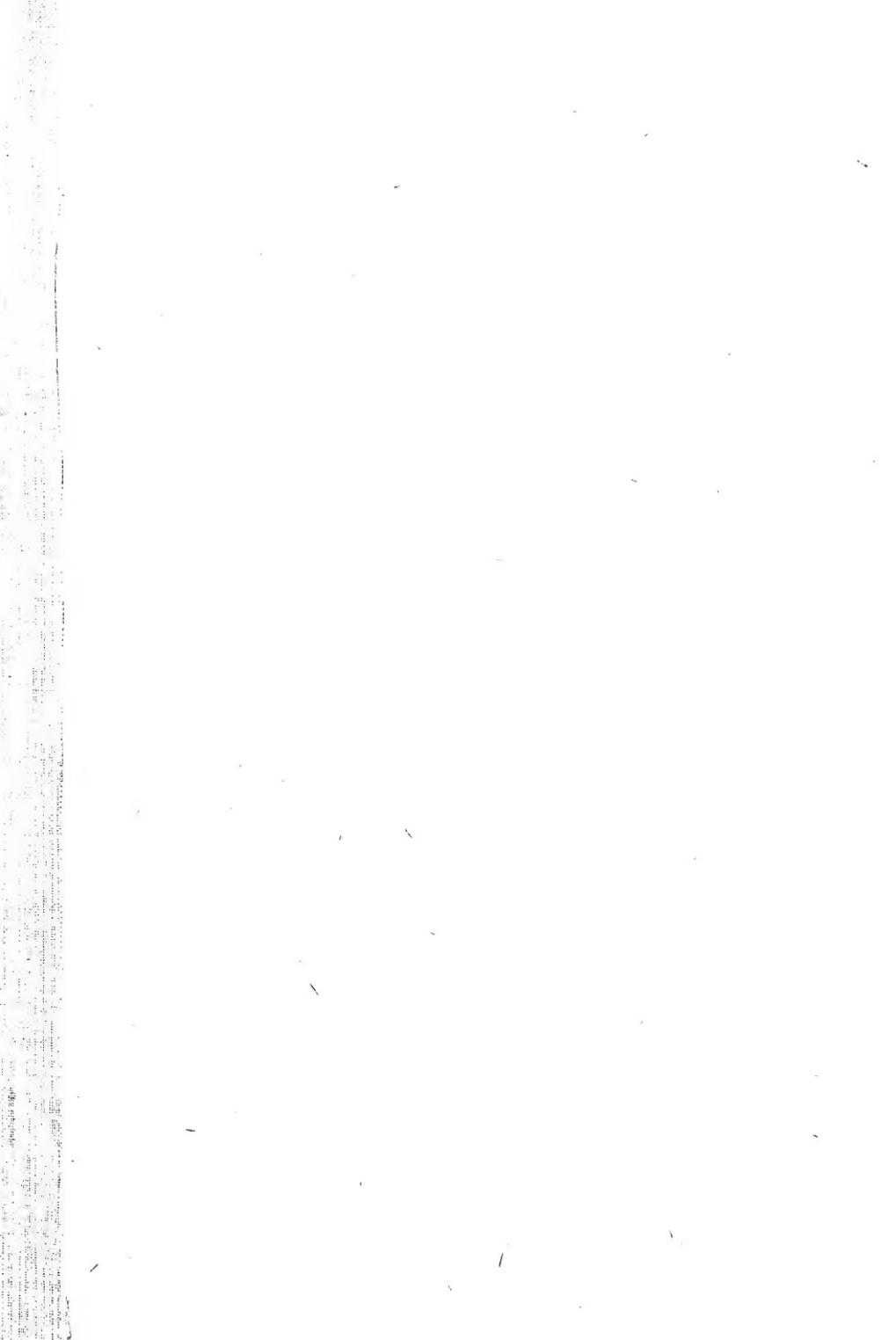
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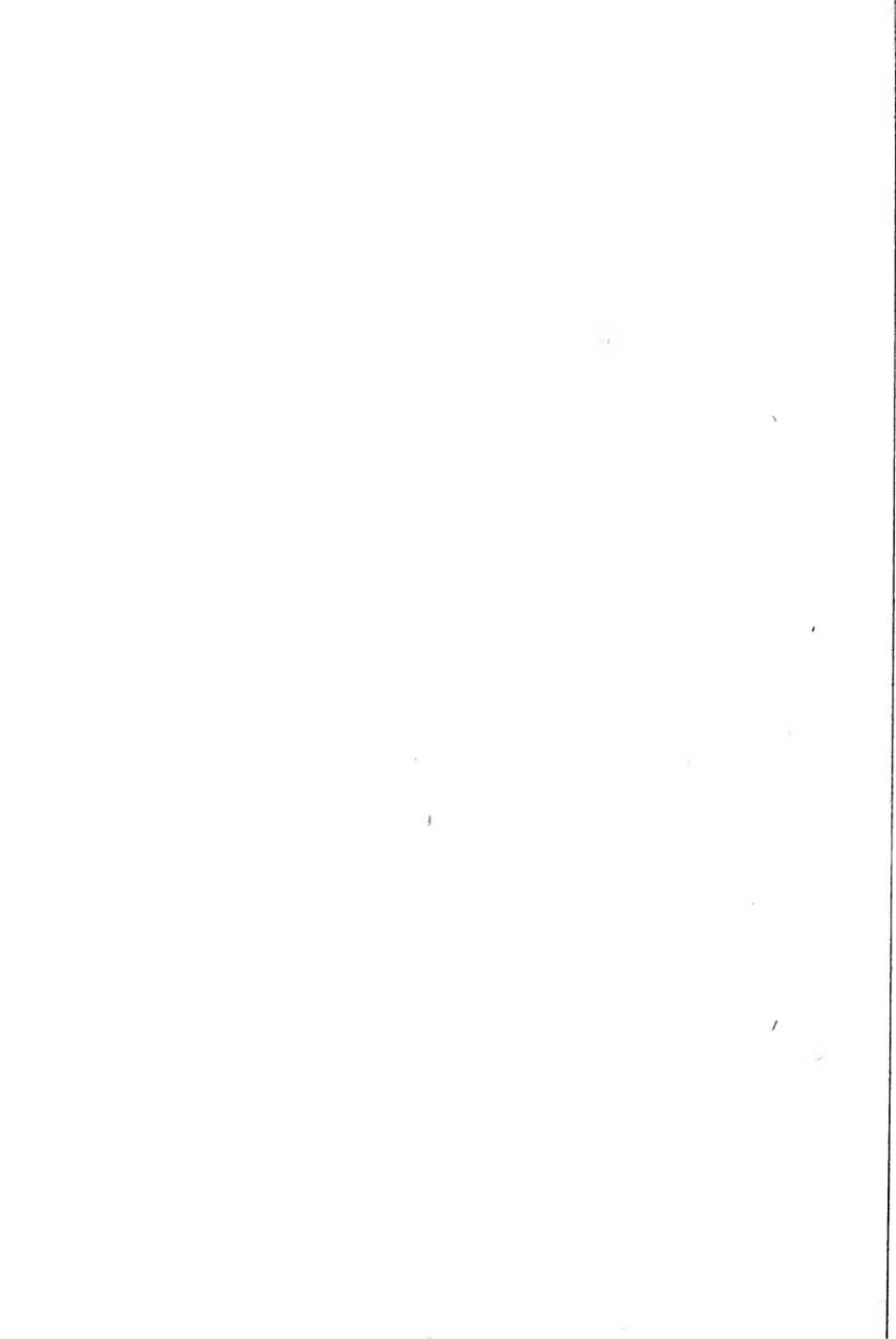
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N O R M A

A Grand Opera,

IN TWO ACTS.

THE MUSIC BY BELLINI

AS REPRESENTED AT THE

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, LONDON, AND THE ACADEMY
OF MUSIC, NEW-YORK.

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A R G U M E N T.

THE Romans, having effected the subjugation of Gaul, committed the government of the conquered Province to Pollio, a Proconsul, who became enamoured of Norma, daughter of the Arch-Druid (Druidism being at that time the religion of the country), and who, besides the respect awarded her from the consideration of her birth and connections, was regarded by the superstitious multitude as the unerring oracle through whom their grand deity, Irminsul, condescended to convey to his faithful votaries his divine decrees. Norma having been secretly united to Pollio, the Roman Governor, has become the mother of two children, whom she keeps secret from all, excepting Clotilda. Pollio afterwards deserts Norma, and transfers his affections to Adalgisa, a young priestess of the Temple of Irminsul, who permits a similar passion to kindle in her bosom for the faithless Roman, who, after much persuasion, succeeds in gaining her consent to abandon the Temple, and fly with him to Rome. Remorse, however, soon takes possession of her breast, and, in her agony, she resolves to reveal all to Norma, who is already labouring under the influence of slighted love. Pollio makes his appearance at the instant that Adalgisa is relating her story to Norma, whose anger is transformed into the wildest fury, on being informed by Adalgisa that he is the corrupter of her youthful heart, and she bitterly reproaches Pollio for his infidelity and baseness.

The Second Act commences by introducing Norma, with her children, the former still under the influence of rage, and bent on their destruction, which she is on the point of accomplishing, when the full tide of maternal feeling rushes into her heart, and arrests her uplifted arm. She next resolves to destroy herself, and, as a preliminary step, requests Adalgisa to take charge of her children, who, moved by her distress, endeavours to allay her perturbation, and promises to persuade Pollio to return to her. In anticipation of her success, Norma becomes more tranquillised, and indulges hopes of brighter days. The illusion is of short duration. Clotilda soon after informs her that Adalgisa has been unsuccessful, and that the Roman persists in his determination to possess her. Intelligence soon after arrives that a Roman has been discovered in a certain part of the Temple, exclusively appropriated to the use of the Virgins, who, on being introduced, proves to be Pollio. Another scene of reprimand ensues between him and Norma, in which she threatens the life of Adalgisa. Pollio pleads for her, but the other is inexorable, and orders the pile to be prepared, and, on the name of the victim being demanded, she publicly announces herself. All present are struck with horror and amazement, anxious to know the nature of her crime; this she reveals to her father, by informing him that she is a mother! Pollio's first passion rekindles in his breast at this her devotion, and he gladly ascends the pile with her, after she has recommended her children and Clotilda to the care of her father.

D R A M A T I S P E R S O N A E.

POLLIO, *a Roman Proconsul.*

FLAVIO, *his Friend.*

OROVESO, *Arch-Druid.*

NORMA, *a Druidess, Daughter of Oroveso.*

ADALGISA, *a young Priestess of the Temple of Irminsul.*

CLOTILDA, *Confidante of Norma.*

The two Children of Pollio & Norma, Druids, Bards, Eubogi, Priestesses, Warriors, and Gallic Soldiers.

The Scene is laid in Gaul, in the Sacred Forest of the Druids, and in the Temple of Irminsul.

N O R M A .

A T T O I.

SCENA I.—*Foresta Sacra de' Druidi.—In mezzo, la Quercia d' Irminsul; al più della quale vedesi la Pietra Druidica, che serve d' Altare.—Colli in distanza sparsi di Selve.—E notte: lontani fuochi trapelano dai boschi.*

Al suono di Marcia Religiosa difilano le schiere de' Galli; indi, la Processione de' Druidi; per ultimo OROVESO, coi Maggiori Sacerdoti.

Oro. Ite sul colle, o Druidi!
Ite a spiar ne' Cieli;
Quando il suo disco argenteo
La nuova luna svieh,
Ed il primier sorriso
Del verginal suo viso.
Tre volte annunzi il mistico
Bronzo sacerdotal.

Dru. Il sacro vischio a mietere,
Norma verrà?

Oro. Sì, Norma.

A C T I.

SCENE I.—*Sacred Forest of the Druids.—In the centre, the Oak of Irminsul; at the foot of which is seen a Druidical Stone, serving as an Altar.—Hills in the distance, partially covered with trees.—It is night: lights are seen among the trees at the back.*

A Religious March is heard.—Enter the Gallic Army, followed by a Procession of Druids; and, lastly, the Chief Priests, headed by OROVESO.

Oro. On to the hills, oh holy band of Druids!
On, as your duty is, and watch the Heavens;
And when you see on high her silvery disk
The new moon (omen of success) unveils,
At the first radiant smile that beams from forth
Her virgin face, charming the sea and shore,
Thrice the glad tidings, spreading all around,
Announce upon the sacerdotal bronze.

Dru. Will, then, to cut the sacred mistletoe,
The mighty Norma come?

Oro. Yes, Norma will.

DELL' AURA PROFETICA—OH! WITH THY PROPHETIC POWER. CHORUS. OROVESO and DRUIDS.

DRUIDS. *Andante Mosso*

Dell' au - ra tua pro - fe - ti - ca, Ter - ri - bil Dio l'in - for - ma; Sen - si O Ir - min - sul, le in -

Oh! with thy pro - phet - ic pow'r, Fire her heart, a - veng - ing fate; Dread Ir - min - sul, tis

spi - ra, D'o - dio ai Ro - ma - ni e d'i - ra; Sen - si che questa in - fran - ga - no,

now the hour, In - spire to Rome e - ter - nal hate; Let re - so - lu - tion be her dow'r,

OROVESO.

Pa - ce per noi mor - tal.

Sì, par - le - rà ter - ri - bi - le, Da ques - te quer - ce

Of dead-ly peace to spurn the weight. Yes, great God, in an - ger speak, From these thy an - cient



OROVOVO and CHORUS.



Tre - men - do ec - cheg - ge - - rà!
Re - e - cho, Vie-to - ry the word!

Tutti. Lama, ti affretta a sorgere!
Norma all' altar versa.

[*Si allontanano tutti e si perdono nella Foresta: di quando in quando si vedono ancora le loro voci risuonare in lontananza.*

SCENA II.—POLLIONE e FLAVIO.

Econo quin li da un lato FLAVIO e POLLIONE guardingo i ravrvolti nelle lor toghe.

Pol. Svanir le voci,—Dell' orrenda selva
Libero è il varco.

Fla. In questa selva è morte.
Norma tel disse.

Pol. Profferisti un nome
Che il cor m' agghiaccia.

Fla. O! che di tu?—l'amante—
La madre de' tuoi figli!

Pol. A me non puoi
Far tu rampogna, ch' io mertar son senta;
Ma nel mio core è spenta
La prima fiamma. È un Dio la spense un Dio,
Nemico al mio riposo. A' più mi veggo
L' abisso aperto, e in lui mi avvento io stesso.

Fla. Altra ameresti tu?
Pol. Parla sommesso!

Un'altra!—sì, Adalgisa!
Tu la vedrai, fior d' innocenza e riso
Di candore e di amor! Ministra al tempio
Di questo Idolo di sangue, ella vi appare
Come raggio di stella in Ciel turbato.

Fla. Misero amico! e amato
Sei tu del pari?

Pol. Io n' ho fiducia.

Fla. E l' ira
Non temi tu di Norma?

Pol. Atroce, orrenda;
Me la presenta il mio rimorso estremo.

Un sogno—

Fla. Ah! narra.

Pol. In rammentarlo io tremo:
Meco all' altar di Venere,
Era Adalgisa in Roma:
Cinta di bende candide—
Sparsa di fior la chioma.

All. Sweet moon, oh, hasten thy propitious rise!
Norma will come—she will bless our wishes.

[*The whole disperse, and disappear in the Forest
at the back: from time to time their voices
are heard in the distance.*

SCENE II.—POLLIO and FLAVIO.

*FLAVIO and POLLIO enter cautiously, enveloped in
their togas.*

Pol. All is hush'd and still.—In this dread wood
Our course is free.

Fla. We seek death in this forest

Pol. So Norma warn'd us.

Pol. Thou' st pronounced a name
That thrills my heart.

Fla. Heavens! what say' st thou?—thy lov'd one—
The mother of thy children!

Pol. No reproach
Can fall from thee that I've not deserved;
But in my hapless bosom burns no longer
My heart's first flame. A God so wills—a God,
Foe to my peace, has wrought this falsehood.
I see the abyss before me, nor would shun it
What! dost thou love another?

Fla. Hush! spea'; softly!
Pol. Another!—yes, the enchanting Adalgisa!
Thou shalt see this flower of youth and beauty,
Innocence and love! A priestess in the temple
Of these Gauls' blood-stain'd God, she beams
Like a bright star that cheers the gloomy night.
My ill-fated friend! and is thy hapless love
Returned?

Fla. I trust so.
Pol. But the jealous wrath,
Dost thou not dread, of Norma?
Fla. Yes, o'erpowering;—

Pol. My deep remorse too well pictures it.
A dream—

Fla. Ah! speak.
Pol. Its memory shakes my soul!
With me to Venus kneeling,
In Rome, was Adalgisa:
White robes her truth revealing,—
Pure nowers her hair's sole treasure.

Udin d' Imene i cantici,
Vedea fumar gl' incensi;
Eran rapiti i sensi—
Di voluttade e amor.

Quando fra noi terribile,
Viene a locarsi un' ombra,
L'ampio mantel Druidico
Come un vapor l' ingombra
Cade su l' aro il folgore,
D' un vel si copre il giorno.
Muto si spande intorno—
Un sepolcrale orror.

Più l' adorata vergine
Io non mi trovo accanto
N' odo da lungo, un gemito,
Misto de' figli al pianto,—
Ed una voce orribile.
Echeggia in fondo al tempio:
'Norma così fa scempio
Di amante traditor!'

[*Squilla il Sacro Bronzo.*

Fla. Odi?—I suoi ritmi a compiere,
Norma dal tempio move.

Voci [Lontano.] Sorta è la luna, o Druidi!
Ite, profani, altrove.

Fla. Vieni!—Fuggiam! sorprendere,
Scoprire alcun ti può.

Pol. Tramani congiure i barbari!
Ma io li preverò.

The hymns of Hymen hearing,
We saw the incense burning;
Rapture both hearts endearing—
Thus love with love returning.
When straight, while thus devoted,
Between us rose a shadow,
In Druid robes, that floated
Like mists o'er morning meadow.
A thunderbolt the altar
Struck—day became o'erclouded.
With fearful doubt i falter—
Sepulchral awe enshrouded.

My bride, sweet maiden! vanish'd,
I heard, with senses failing,
A groan, all hope that banish'd,
Mix'd with my children's wailing,—
A voice, my bliss that changes,
The temple's depths rolls over:
Thus Norma well revenges
The treachery of her lover!

[*The Sacred Bronzo is heard sounding.*

Fla. Hear'st thou that?—Her rites to perform,
The Norma thou'st forsaken comes.

Voices. [*Heard in the distance.*] The moon appears, oh Druids!
Hence, profane ones, from these scenes.

Fla. They come!—Fly! or we may be surpris'd,
Discover'd; let us, then, away.

Pol. Barbarians! they conspire to entrap us,
But their machinations I will defeat.

ME PROTEGGE—LOVE WILL SHIELD. SOLO. POLLIONE.

Andante. mf

Me pro - teg - ge! me di - fen - de Un po - ter mag - gior di lo - -
Love will shield, will pro - tect! yes, a pow'r, Great - er far than they boast, will de -

ro: E il pen - sier di lei che a - do - ro, E l'a - mor, è l'a - mor ch'è in fiam -
fend: The bright thought of my fair, in this hour, With love's flame will pro - tect, will be -

mo! Di quel Dio che a me con ten - - de - Quel - la ver - gi - ne ce -
friend! Of the God who'd ri - val turn - . . . Turn with me for the mai - den di -

les - te! Ar - de - rò le rie fo - res - te, L'em - pio al - ta - re, l'em - pio al -
vine! The fell wood's haunts un - ho - ly I'll burn, And lay low in the

ta - reab - bat - te - rò! L'em - pio al - ta - re ab - bat - te - rò, l'em - pio al - ta - re ab - bat - e - rò!
dust his foul shrine! I'll burn, and lay low in the dust, in the dust, his foul shrine!

[*Partono rapidamente.*]

[*Escono, hastily*

NORMA.

SCENA III.—Druidi dal fondo, Sacerdotesse, Guerrieri, Bardi, Eubagi, Sacrificatori.—E in mezzo, a tutti, OROVESO.

SCENE III.—Enter, from the back, Druids, Priestesses, Soldiers, Burds, Sacrificers, &c.—In the centre, at their head, OROVESO.

NORMA VIENE—SEE, NORMA COMES. CHORUS.

SOPRANO. { *Nor - ma vie - ne!* *Le ein - ge la chio - ma La*
 See, Nor - ma comes! She on her calm brow wears A

F. NORM. BASSI. { *ver - be - na ai mi - ste - ri sa - cra - ta;* *In sua*
 wreath, of ver - vain form'd, with myst - ry crown'd; In her

{ *man co - me Lu - na ful - ca - ta,* *Lau - rea fal - ce dif - fon - de splen-*
 right hand, like Lu - na, bears A gold-wrought sic - kle, spread-ing splen-dour

{ *dor.* *El - la vie - ne! e la stel - la di Ro - ma,* *Sbi - got - ti - ta si*
 round. Lo! she comes, and Rome's bright star de - clines, Fades ob - seure-ly in

{ *co - pre d'un ve - lo.* *Ir - min - sul cor - re i cam - pi del Cie - lo,*
 dark - ness and night. Ir - min - sul in the vault-ed sky now shines,

NORMA.

7

Qual co - me - ta, fo - rie - ra d'or - ror; Qual co - me - ta, fo -
Hor - ror! a co - met, men's souls to af - fright; Hor - ror! a co - met, men's
rie - ra d'or - ror, co - me - ta, fo - rie - ra d'or - ror! fo - rie - ra, fo -
souls to af - fright, men's souls to af - fright; Hor - ror! hor - ror! a co - met, men's
rie - ra d'or - ror, fo - rie - ra, fo - rie - ra, fo - rie - ra d'or - ror.
souls to af - fright, men's souls, men's souls . . . to af - fright.

SCENA IV.—NORMA in mezzo alle sue Ministre:
ha sciolti i capegli—la fronte circondata di nna
corona di verbena—ed armata la mano di una falce
d'oro.—Si colloca sulla Pietra Druidica, e volge
gli occhi d'intorno come inspirata.—Tutti fanno
silenzio.

Nor. Sediziose voci:

Voci di guerra avvi chi alzar si attenta?
Presso all'ara del Dio? v'ha chi presume
Dettar responsi alla vegente Norma?

E di Roma affrettar il fato arcano—
Ei non dipende da poter umano.

Oro. E fino a quando oppressi

Ne vorrai tu? Contaminate assai
Non fur le patrie selve e i templi aviti
Dall'aquile latine. Omai di Brenno!
Oziosa non può starsi la spada?

Tutti. Si brandisce una volta!

Nor. E infranta cada!

Infranta, sì! se a'cun di voi smudarla
Anzi tempo pretende: ancor non sono
Della nostra vendetta i dì maturi—
Delle Sicambre seuri

Sono i più Romani ancor più forti.

Tutti. E che ti annunzia il Dio? Parla, quai sorti!

Nor. Io nei volumi arcani

Leggio del Cielo, in pagine di morte
Delle superba Roma è scritto il nome:
Ella un giorno morrà—ma non per voi!
Morrà pei vizii suoi,

SCENE IV.—Enter NORMA, in the midst of attendant
Priestesses: her hair streaming wildly over her
shoulders—her forehead bound by a wreath of the
mystic vervain—in her hand a golden sickle.—She
ascends with a solemn air the Druidical Stone, and
glances around, as one inspired with prophetic power.
—All maintain a deep silence.

Nor. I hear seditious shouts, and cries for war:

Why rise they at the altar of our Deity!
Who at this altar dares presume to dictate
Dread fate's responses to all-seeing Norma?

Untimely speeding Rome's appointed doom—
Her fate d-pends not upon human agency.

Oro. When will the burdens that oppress us end?

Devour'd, contaminated, we enough have seen
Our country's sacred woods and temples
By Rome's fierce eagles. Sword of Brennus!

Shalt thou ing'oriously and idly rest!

It must again be drawn!

All. Drawn to be broken!
Drawn to be broken!

Yes, broken! should there any here presume
To draw it forth ere fate's appointed hour:

The day of retribution yet is distant—
The dreaded battle-axe of the Sicambri has no

Yet strength to turn the Roman javelins.

All. What does our Deity reveal of fate?—speak!

Nor. In the dread pages of the mystic volumes,
In death-fraught characters inscribed,

The name of broad imperial Rome I read,

She'll one day fall—but 'twill not be by you!

Through her own vices'tis that she will perish,

NORMA.

Qual consunta morrà! L' ora aspettate—
L' ora fatal che compia il gran decreto.
Pace, v' intimo! e il sacro vischio io mieto.

Falehia il Vischio, le Sacerdotesse lo raccolgono
in canestri di vimini.—Norma si avanza,
e stende le braccia al Cielo.—La Luna
splende in tutta la sua luce.—Tutti si prostrano.

Consumed to dust! The hour, then, wait—
The fated hour this great decree foretells.
Peace, all! I go the sacred boughs to gather.

[Norma cuts the sacred branches of the Mistletoe,
which the Priestesses receive and deposit in
their consecrated baskets.—She then advances,
upraising her arms on high.—At this moment
the Moon breaks forth in full effulgence.—
All kneel reverentially.

CASTA DIVA—STAINLESS GODDESS. AIR. NORMA.

Andante.

Ca - sta Di - va, ca - sta Di - va, che in - ar-
Stain - less God - dess, stain - less God-dess, whose brilliance

gen - ti Que - ste sa - cre, que - ste sa - cre, que - ste
beam - ing, O'er these an - cien t, o'er these an - cien t trees, these

sa - cre an - ti - che pi - ante, A noi vol - gi il bel sem - bian - te; A noi vol - gi, a noi vol - gi il bel sem - bian - te;

an - cien t trees, is stream - ing, Oh, on us, . . . with fa - vor
gleam - ing; Oh, on us, oh, on us with fa - vor gleam - ing,

te, il bel sem - bian - te Sen - za nu - be e sen - za vel!
ing, Free from clouds, pro - pi - tious, pro - pi - tious shine!

Tempra tu de' cori ardenti!
Tempra ancor lo zelo andare!
Spargi in terra quella pace,
Che regnar' tu fai nel Ciel.

Tutti. A noi volgi il bel sembiante,
Senza nube e senza vel!

Nor. Fine al rito; e il sacro bosco
Sia disgombro dai profani;
Quando, il Nume irato e fosco,
Chieghga il sangue dei Romani,
Dal Druidico delubro
La mia voce tuonerà.

Tutti. Tuoni! e a leum del popol empio
Non isfugga al giusto sempio!
E primier da noi percosso
Il Proconsole cadrà.

Nor. Sì, cadrà, punirlo io posso.
(Ma punirlo il cor non sa.)

Oh! calm thou hearts, too ardent burning!
Oh! calm thou zeal, all prudence spurning!
Then, peace on earth again returning,
Speed on through Heaven with ray divine.

All. Oh! on us, with favour gleaming,
Free from clouds, propitious shine!

Nor. The rites are finish'd; and the sacred wood
Must now be clear'd of all profane intruders;
When he, the Deity of wrath and gloom,
Shall decree the ensanguin'd fall of Rome,
Then, from the Druid's consecrated altar,
My summoning voice in thunder shall be heard.

All. Let it be heard! and of the impious race
Not one shall escape our vengeance!
Beneath our retributive weapons
Shall the Proconsul be the first to fall.

Nor. Yes, first to fall! I have pow'r to punish him.
(But how, alas! my weak heart knows not.)

AH! BELLO, A ME RITORNA.—AH! DEAR ONE, AS TRUE RETURNING. AIR. NORMA.

Allegro.

Ah! bello a me ri-tor-na, Del fi-do a-mor pri-mie-ro; E con-tra il mon-do in-
Ah! dear one, as true re-turning. As when with love first burn-ing; Norma, the whole world
spurn-ing. Will thy de-fen-der be. Ah! dear one, to me re-
tor-na, Del rag-gi-o tuo se-re-no; E vi-ta nel tuo
turn-ing, With love se-re-ne ly yearn-ing. My breast shall find life's
se-no—E pa-tria, e Cie-lo a-vrò,
dawn-ing—Hea-ven, coun-try, all in thee,
Cie-lo a-vrò,
all in thee.

Coro. Sei lento, sì, sei lento,
O giorno di vendetta;
Ma irato il Dio t'affretta
Che il Tebro condannò.

[*Norma parte; e tutte in ordine la seguono.*]

SCENA V.—*Entra ADALGISA.*

Ada. Sgombra è la sacra selva.—
Compinto il rito. Sospirar non vista
Alfin poss' io, qui, dove a me s' offesse
La prima volta quel fatal Romano
Che mi rende rubella al tempio, al Dio.
Fosse l'ultima almen!—Vano desio!
Irresistibil forza
Qui mi strascina: e di quel caro aspetto
Il cor si pase: e di sua cara voce
L'aura che spir'a mi repe'e il suono.
[*Corre a prostrarsi sulla Pietra d'Irmisul.*
Deh! proteggimi, o Dio! perduta io sono.

SCENA VI.—POLLINE, FLAVIO, e detta.

Pol. Eccola! va! mi lascia—
Ragion non odo. [*Flavio parte.*]
Ada. [Veggendolo sbigottita.] O! Polline!
Pol. Che veggo?—Piangevi tu?
Ada. Pregava. Ah, t'allontana—
Pregar mi lascia!
Pol. Un Dio tu preghi atroce,
Crudele, avverso al tuo desire e al mio!
O, mia diletta! il Dio
Che invocar devi è Amor!

Ada. Amor! deh! tac! [*Si allontana da lui.*]
Ch'io più non t'oda.

Cho. Linger and slow-paced,
Oh day of vengeance, thou approachest,
But the angry God shall haste thee.
That the Tiber hath condemned.
[*Exit Norma; the rest follow in procession.*]

SCENE V.—Enter ADALGISA.

Ada. The sacred wood is free from all intruders,
The rites perform'd. I here may sigh unseen,
Within these shades that treacherous gave
The first recontre with that fatal Roman,
Who made me false alike to vows and God.
Would that time were the last!—Vain desire!
A force irresistible
Impels me hither: his seductive looks
My heart entrance: and of his dear voice
The air I breathe loves to repeat the sound.
[*Prostrates herself at the Altar of Irmisul.*
Protect thou me, oh God, or I am lost!]

SCENE VI.—POLLINE, FLAVIO, and the same.

Pol. 'Tis she! leave me! vain's remonstrance now—
I'm deaf to reason. [*Exit Flavio.*]
Ada. [Disturbed at the sight of Pollio.] Pollio!
Pol. What see I?—In tears, love?
Ada. I was praying. Leave me, leave me—
Leave me to prayer!
Pol. Prayer to a ruthless God,
Who frowns on the desires of two fond hearts!
Oh, my belov'd, my beautiful! the God
Thou shouldest invoke, is Love!
Love! hush! no more!
I dare not stay to listen. [*Retreating.*]

NORMA

Pol. E vuoi fuggirmi? e dove
Fuggir vuoi tu ch' io non ti segna?

Ada. Ai sacri altari ch' io sposar ginrai!
Gli altari!—e il nostro amor?

Pol. Va, crudele—e al Dio spietato,
Offri in dote il sangue mio—
Tutto, ah! tutto ei sia versato;
Ma lasciarti non pos'sio.
Sol promessa al Dio tu fosti—
Ma il tuo cuore a me si diè.
Ah! non sai quel che mi costi;
Perch' io mai rinunzia a te.

Ada. E tu pure, ah! tu non sai!
Quanto costi a me dolente!

All' altare che altraggiai,
Lieta andava ed innocente!
Il pensiero al Ciel s'ergea;
Il mio Dio vedeva in Ciel!
Or per me—spergiura e rea—
Cielo e Dio riecore un vel.

Pol. Ciel più puro, e Dei migliori,
T' offro in Roma, ov' io mi reco.

Ada. [Colpita.] Parti forse!
Pol. Ai nuovi albori.

Ada. Parti!—ed io?
Pol. Tu vieni meco.
De' tuoi riti, è amor più santo:
A lui cedi, ah! cedi a me!

Ada. [Più commosso.] Ah! non dirlo!

Pol. Il dirò tanto,
Che ascoltato io sia da te.

Al tempio:

Pol.

Ada.

Pol.

Ada.

Pol.



Pol. Adalgisa!

Ada. Ah! mi risparmii

Tua pietà maggior cordoglio!

Pol. Adalgisa! e vuoi lasciarmi?

Ada. Nol poss'io!—Seguir ti voglio!

Pol. Qui, domani, all' ora istessa,

Verrai tu?

Ada. Ne fo promessa

Pol. Giura!

Ada. Giuro!

Pol. O! mio contento!

Ada. Ti rammenta!

Pol. Ah! mi rammento!

Al mio Dio sarò spieguria,

Ma fedele a te sarò!

Pol. L'amor tuo mi rassicura,

E il tuo Dio sfidar saprò. [Partono.]

SCENA VII.—Abitazione di Norma.

NORMA e CLOTILDE, recano per mano due piccoli Fanciulli.

Nor. Vanne! e li cela entrambi!—oltre l' usato
Io tremo d'abbracciarli.

Clo. E qual ti turba

Strano tinnor, che i figli tuoi rigetti?

Nor. Non so;—diversi affetti

Strazian quest'alma: amo in un punto ed odio

I figli miei—soffro in vederli, e soffro

S'io non li vedgo; non provato mai

Sento ud diletto ed un dolore insieme

D' esser lor madre.

E madre sei?

Nor. Nol fossi!

Clo. Qual rio contrasto!

Nor. Immaginar non puossi?

O, mia Clotilde! richiamato al Tevere,

È Polione.

Clo. E teco ei parte?

Nor. Ei tace

Il suo pensier. O! s'ei fuggir tentasse,

E què lasciarmi—se obbliar potesse

Questi suoi figli!

E il credi tu?

Nor. Non l'oso!

Clo. E troppo tormentoso—

Nor. Troppo orrendo un tal dubbio.

Clo. Alcun s'avanza: va—li cola.

[Norma li abbraccia, Clotilde parte coi Fanciulli.]

Pol. Adalgisa!

Ada. Ah! spare me,

In pity, from a greater sorrow!

Pol. Adalgisa, canst thou leave me?

Ada. No, I cannot!—I will follow thee.

Pol. Here, then, to-morrow, at this hour,

Say, wilt thou come?

Pol. But swear! Thou hast my promise.

Ada. , swear!

Pol. Oh! height of joy!

Remember!

Ada. Ah! I shall remember!

To my God shall I be perjur'd,

But I shall be true to thee!

Pol. By thy love I'm cheer'd, urg'd onward,

Defying thus thy Deity. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.—Norma's Dwelling.

Enter NORMA and CLOTILDE, leading by the hand two young Children.

Nor. Away! conceal them!—an unusual terror
Thrills me as I embrace them.Clo. What is't moves thee,
That thus thou driv'st from thee thy children?

Nor. I cannot tell;—contending feelings rend

My ill-us'd soul: at once I love and hate

My hapless children—seeing them, I suffer,

Yet in their absence suffering,

I prove alike a pleasure and a pain—

I feel that I'm their mother.

Their mother?

Nor. Would I were not!

Clo. Heart-rending conflict!

Nor. Who can picture it?

Nor. Oh, my Clotilde! recalled to the Tiber,

Pollio departs.

Clo. With you?

Nor. He has not said so
He hides his thoughts. Oh! should he resolve
To leave me here alone—should he forget

His helpless children!

Clo. You cannot think he'd act so?

Nor. No, I dare not!

Nor. Ah! too tormenting to my faithful heart—

Too horrible, I feel this doubt.

Some one advances: go—hide them.

[Norma embraces, and Clotilde retires with Children]

SCENA VIII.—ADALGISA e NORMA.

- Nor. Adalgisa!
- Ada. [Da lontano.] (Alma, costanza!) *(Alma, constancy!)*
- Nor. T'inoltra—o giovinetta—
T'inoltra—e perché tremi?
Ulli che grave a me
Segreto palesar tu voglia.
- Ada. È ver!—Ma, deh! ti spoglia
Della celeste austerità, che splende
Negli occhi tuoi—dammi coraggio, ond'io
Senz' alcun velo ti palesi il core.
- [*Si prostra.* — *Norma la solleva.*]
- Nor. Mi abbraccia—e parla: che t'affliggo?
- Ada. [Dopo un momento d'esitazione.] Amore!
Non t'irritar!—Lunga stürzun pugnai
Per soffarlo—ogni mia forza ei vinse!
Ogni rimorso—Ah! tu non sai pur dianzi
Qual giuramento io fea!—fuggir dal tempio,—
Tradir l'altare a cui son io legata,—
Abbandonar la patria!
- Nor. Ahí, sventurata!
Del tuo primier mattino.
Già turbato è il sereno; e come e quando
Naeque tal fiamma in te?
- Ada. Da un solo sguardo—
Da un sol sospiro, nella sacra selva,
A' piè dell'ara ov' io pregava il Dio.
Tremai, sul labbro mio
Si arrestò la preghiera; e tutta assorta
In quel leggiadro aspetto, un altro Cielo
Mirar eredetti!—un altro Cielo in lui!
- Nor. (O rimebranza! io fui
Così rapita al sol mirarlo in volto.)
- Ada. Ma non mi ascolti tu?
- Nor. Segui—t'ascolto.
- Ada. Sola, furtiva, al tempio
Io l'aspettai sovente!
Ed ogni dì più fervida
Crebbe la fiamma ardente.
- Nor. (Io stessa, anch'io
Arsi così—l'incanto suo fu il mio.)
- Ada. Vieni! ei dicea, concedi
Ch'io mi ti prostri ai piedi,
Lascia che l'aura spiri,
De'dolei tuoi sospiri!
Del tuo bel crin le anella
Dammi poter baciare?
- Nor. (O, cari accent!)
Così li profleria—
Così trovava del mio cor la via.)
- Ada. Dolci qual arpa armonica,
M'eran le sue parole;
Negli occhi suoi sorridere
Vedea più bello un sole.
Io fui perduta e il sonno,
D'opo ho del tuo perdono:
Doh! tu mi reggi e guida,—
Me rassieura, o sguida,—
Salvami da me stessa,—
Salvami dal mio cor!
- Nor. Ah! tergi il pianto:
Alma non trovi di pietade avara.
Te ancor non lega eterno nodo all'ara.

SCENE VIII.—ADALGISA and NORMA.

- Nor. Adalgisa!
- Ada. [In the distance.] (Soul, be firm!) *(Soul, be firm!)*
- Nor. Approach—young virgin, fear not—
Advance—why tremble?
I've heard that some grave matter
To me in secret thou wouldest impart.
- Ada. 'Tis true!—But, ah! veil awhile
That heavenly austerity that reigns
Within thy eyes—inspire, encourage me,
That unrestrain'd, I may unfold my heart.
- [*Adalgisa knees lowly.* — *Norma raises her.*]
- Nor. Embrace me—speak: what afflicts thee?
- Ada. [After a moment's hesitation.] Lovel
Be not angry!—Long I struggled
To repress it—but in vain, for it conquer'd!
All my remorse—Ah! thou little thinkest
What oath I've sworn!—to fly our temple,—
Betray the altar unto which I'm bound,—
Forsake my country!
- Nor. Lost, unhappy one!
Thus, so early in thy life's young morning,
Thy calm is o'ercast; but when, and how,
Was born this flame in thee?
- Ada. Twas with one look—
A single sigh, within our sacred forest,
As at the altar I implor'd our God.
Trembling, alas! I ielt upon my lips
The pray'r arrested—die; and, all ab-orbd,
In his bright countenance another Heaven!
I saw.—Ah, how believe!—another Heaven!
- Nor. (Sad reminiscence! twas thus that I
Enraptur'd fel when I first hehel'd him.)
- Ada. But thou dost not hear?
- Nor. Go on—I listen to thee.
- Ada. Alone and secret, in our temple
I met him oft—r'morse and shame!
Each day more fervent grew my passion,
Each day increas'd my bosom's flame.
- Nor. (Twas thus, I in my pride
Was charm'd—sigh'd as she sigh'd.)
- Ada. Oh, come! he said, permission grant me
Lowly to kneel before thy virgin feet,
Leaving the passing zephyrs to enchant me,
As sweetly they thy honey'd sighs repeat!
And thy celestial brow, best blss!
Grant me, oh ecstacy of joy! to kiss!
- Nor. (Dear accents! remember'd but too well!
Such words he softly breath'd to me—
And found to my poor heart the way!)
- Ada. Sweet as the notes of the harmonious harp,
Flow'd the measure of his love-fraught words
His eyes, his conquest aiding, brightly smil'.
- I became lost, such ardent passion breathing
Befriend me—grant thy gracious pardon!
Oh! in thy virtue, be my help, my guide,—
Kindly console me, or as kind reprove,—
Stretch forth thy hand, and save me,—
Save me from my heart!
- Nor. Ah! dry thy tears,
Thou find'st in mine a soul not proof to pity.
Thou'ret not eternally bound to our altar.

AH! SI, FA CORE—OH! CHEER THEE. DUET. NORMA and ADALGISA.

NORMA. *Piu animato.*

3

Ah! si, fa core! e ab-brac-cia - mi— Per - do - no eti com-pian - go; *Dai*
 Oh! cheer thee, weep not! come to my arms—I par-don thee, thy sor-row chase; From
 vo - ti tuo i ti li - be - ro, I tuo i le - ga - mi io fran - go. *Al*
 all thy vows I free thy charms, The bonds that bind thee se - ver. Love
 ea - ro og - get - to u - ni - ta Vi - vraife - - li - ce . . . an - cor; *Al*
 gent-ly . . . chain-ing, thy dear one em-brace—In joy live, in joy live, . . . e-ver; Love
 ca - ro og - get . . . to u - ni - ta Vi - vrai fe - li - cean - cor. . . vi -
 gent - ly chain-ing, thy dear one embrace, In joy live, in joy live . . . e-ver.
 vra - - - i an - cor, vi - vra - - - - i fe - - lice an -
 in joy, in joy, in joy, in joy live
 ADALGISA.
 cor! Ri - pe - ti o Ciel, ri - pe - ti - mi! Si lu - singh - ieri, ac -
 e - ver! Re - peat, repeat thou, great Hea -vens! yes, Those ac - cents sweet, and
 cen - - ti; Per te, per te s'ac - que - ta - no, I lun - ghi miei tor -
 sor - row chase; Through thee, pure calm my hopes will bless, My heart from woe shall
 men - ti,— Tu ren-di a me la vi - - - - ta, Se non è col - - pa -
 se - ver,— Life's ear - ly morning, re-stor'd through thy grace, If pas - sion be guilt - less,
 mor; Tu ren - dia me la vi - - - - ta, Se non è col - pa -
 e - ver; Life's ear - ly morning re - stor'd thro' thy grace, If pas-sion be guilt - less,
 mor, non e, Se pas
 e - ver, If pas
 non, non . . . e col - pa a - mor.
 sion be guilt - less, e - ver.

Nor. Ma dì—l' amato giovane,
Quale fra noi si nomà?
Ada. Culla ei non ebbe in Gallia:
Roma gli è patria—
Nor. Roma!
Ed è?—proseguì!

SCENA IX.—POLLIONE. e detti.

Ada. Ei! Pollione! Il mira!
Nor. Qual ira?
Ada. Costui, costui dicesti?
Nor. Ben io compresi?
Ada. Ah, sì!
Pol. [Inoltandosi ad Adalgisa.] Misera te!—che festi?
Ada. Io!
Nor. [A Pollione.] Tremi tu—per chi?
[Alcuni momenti di silenzio: Pollione è confuso, Adalgisa tremante, e Norma fermamente.
O non tremare! o perfido!
No, non tremar per lei;
Essa non è colpevole
Il malfattor tu sei!
Tremo per te—fellowe!
Pei figli tuoi, per me.
Che ascolto?—Ah, Pollione!
Tac! t'arretri?—Ahimè!

[Si copre il volto colle mani: Norma l'afferra per un braccio, e la costringe a mirar Pollione, egli la segue.

Nor. O! di qual sei tu vittima!
Crudo e funesto inganno!
Pria che eostui conoscerie,
T'era il morir men danno.
Fonte d' eterne lagrime,
L'empio a te pure aperse;
D'orribil vel coperte
L'aurora de' tuoi di.
Ada. O! qual traspare orribile
Dal tuo parlare mistero!
Trema il mio cor di chiedere—
Trema d'udire il vero;
Tutta comprendo, o misera!
Tutta la mio sventura—
Essa non ha misura,
Se m'ingannò così.
Pol. Norma, de' tuoi rimproveri
Segno, non farmi adesso.
Deh! a questa afflitta vergine,
Sia respirar concessa:
Coppa a quell'alma ingenua—
Coppa nostr' onte un velo.
Giudichi solo il Cielo
Qual più di noi falli.
Perfidio!

Or basti! [Per allontanarsi.
Fermati!

E a me sottrarti sperai?
Vieni! [Afferra Adalgisa.
Ada. Mi lascia!—scostati!
[Dividendosi da lui.
Tu sei di Norma sposo.

NORMA.

Nor. But tell me—this much-lov'd youth,
By what name, 'mongst us, is he called?
Ada. He was not born here in Gaul:
Rome is his country—
Nor. Rome!
His name?—speak!

SCENE IX.—POLLIO, and the same.

Ada. Behold him!
Nor. He! Pollio!
Ada. What means this rage?
Nor. This man, say'st thou?
Have I heard rightly?
Ada. Ah, yes!
Pol. [Approaching Adalgisa.] Oh, miserable thou!—what rashness!
Ada. I!
Nor. [To Pollio.] Thou tremblest—for whom?
[Some moments of silence: Pollio is confused, Adalgisa trembling, and Norma enraged.
Tremble not! perfidious one!
Tremble not thus with fear for her:
She's not foresworn and guilty,
The criminal, the guilty, is thyself!
Then tremble for thyself, betrayer!
For thy hapless children, and at me.
Ada. What do I hear?—Ah, Pollio!
Silent! not vindicate thyself?—Alas!

[She covers her face with her hands.—Norma seizes her by the arm, and compels her to look on Pollio, who anxiously observes her.

Nor. Oh! of what treachery art thou the victim!
Cruel, unhappy, infamous deception!
Rather than this man thou e'er hadst known,
To thee death's self had preferable been.
A bitter fountain of eternal tears,
This impious one causes to flow:
With horrid clouds he has o'ershadow'd
The morning of thy unsuspecting days.
Ada. Oh! what treachery gleams forth
Too clearly in thy dark mysterious words!
My trembling heart no more dares ask—
Dares not, though yearning, hear the truth:
I comprehend all my misery,
All my misfortunes, my o'erwhelming woes—
They are destined ne'er to end,
If thus he has deceived me.

Pol. Norma, of thy well-merited reproaches
Make me not now the object.
Oh! pitying this afflicted virgin,
Her hapless sighs, so undeserv'd, respect:
Let us conceal from her ingenuous soul—
Let us conceal our shame beneath a veil.
To the justice only of offended Heaven
Be left to say which of us has erred.
Perfidious one!

Pol. Enough! enough! [Turning to go.
Nor. Hold! hold!
Thus to escape me dost thou hope?
Come! [Seizing Adalgisa.
Ada. Oh, leave me!—hence, away!
[Getting free from Pollio.
Begone! thou art the spouse of Norma.

- Pol.** Qual io mi fossi obblio :
L'amante tuo son io. [Con tutto il fuoco.
E mio destino amarti,
Destin costei fuggir.
Nor. Ebbene ! Lo compi—e parti.
[Reprimendo il furore.]
- Ada.** [A Adalgisa.] Seguilo.
Ah ! pria morir !
- Nor.** [Prorompendo.]
Vanne, sì—mi lascia, indegno.
Figli obbia, promesse, onore.
Maledetto dal mio sdegno
Non godrai d'un empio amore :
Te sull' onde, te sui venti,
Seguiran mie furie ardenti ;
Mia vendetta, e notte e giorno,
Ruggirà d'intorno a te.
- Pol.** [Disperdamente.]
Fremi pure, e angoscia eterna.
Pur m'imprechi il tuo furore.
Questo amor che mi governa,
È di te, di me maggiore
Dio non v'ha che mali inventi
De' miei mali più coenti.
Maledetto io fui quel giorno
Che il destin t'offerse a me.
- Ada.** [Supplichevole a Norma.]
Ah ! non fia, non fia ch'io costi
Al tuo cor sì río dolore.
Mari e monti sian frapposti
Fra me sempre e il traditore.
Soffocar saprò i lamenti—
Divorcar i miei tormenti,
Morirò, perchè ritorno
Faccia il crudo ai figli e a te.
- Coro.** [Di dentro.]
Norma ! all'ara ! In suon feroce,
D'Irmisul tuonò la voce !
- Nor.** } [A Polione.] Suon di morte ! — a te's intima.
Ada. } Fuggi ! va ! qu'pronta ell'e.
Pol. Sì ! la spezzo—sì ; ma prima
Mi cadrà, il tuo nome al piè !
- [*Squillano i Sacri Bronzi del Tempio.—Norma è chiamata ai riti.—Ella rispinge d'un braccio Polione e gli accenna di uscire.—Polione si allontana furente.*
- Pol.** What I have been I will forget :
Only of thee the lover am I now. [With fire.
It is my destiny to love thee,
As 'tis my destiny to fly from her.
Nor. Infatuated ! Thy with accomplish—go.
[Restraining her rage.]
- Ada.** [To Adalgisa.] And thou, to, follow.
Ah ! rather would I die !
- Nor.** [In great rage.]
Yes, fly—leave me, thou unworthy one !
Forget thy cheldren, promises, honour.
The curse of my just vengeance on thee,
Never shalt thou enjoy thy impious love :
On the sounding wave, in the howling wind,
Thou following wilt find my ardent fury ?
My vengeance, night and day unceasingly,
Blasting thy peace, shall rage around thee.
- Pol.** [With desperation.]
Still madly rave, and endless agonies
Upon me imprecate, in thy wild fury.
The mighty love of which I own the empire,
Than thee, o'er me possesses greater power.
No god in malice torments can invent,
Than my own torments more excruciating,
A curse fell upon that fatal day
When destiny presented thee to me.
- Ada.** [Supplicating Norma.]
Ah ! no, it shall not be that thus
I thy fond heart should lacerate.
May seas and mountains alike divide
From me for ever this treacherous lover.
I'll stifle all weak lamentations—
Hide each torment I may feel,
And die without reproach, if he
But return to his children and to thee.
- Cho.** [From within.]
Norma ! basten ! With fearful sound
Irmisul in thunder lifts his voice.
- Nor.** } [To Pollio.] The sound of death ! to thee a
A.a. warning
Fly ! away ! prepar'd it comes !
- Pol.** Yes ! I defy it—yes ; but first
I'll o'erthrow thy Deity at thy feet.
[*The Sacred Bronze is heard sounding from the Temple.—Norma is summoned to the rites.—With one arm she repulses Pollio, and with the other imperatively points for him to retire, which he does in great anger.*

FINE DELL' ATTO PRIMO.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ATTO III.

SCENA I.—*Interno dell' Abitazione di Norma.*—*Da una parte un Letto Romano, coperto di pelle d' Orso.*—*I Figli di Norma sono addormentati.*

NORMA con una lampada e un pugnale alla mano.—*Siede e posa la lampada sopra una tavola.*—*E pallida, contrariata.*

Nor. Dormono entrambi! non vedran la mano
Che li percuote;—non pentirti, o core,
Viver non ponno; qui supplizio, e in Roma
Olbobrio avrian (peggior supplizio assai):
Schiavi d' una matrigna!—Ah no! giunmai!
[*Sorge.*

Muoiano!—sì. Non posso
[*Fa un passo, e si ferma.*

Avvicinarmi—un gel mi prende;
E in fronte mi solleva il crin.
I figli uccido! tenero figli—
In questo sen conectti! [*Inconcerendosi.*
Da questo sen nutriti—es-i, pur diazzi
Delizia mia!—essi, nel cui sorriso
Il perdono del Ciel mirar credei—
Io, io, li svenero! Di che son rei?
Di Polione son figli:
Ecco il delitto. Essi per me son morti—
Muoià per lui;
E non sia pena che la sua somigli!
Feriam!

[*S' incamina verso il Letto, alza il pugnale—essa dà un grido inorridita, i Figli si svegliano.*

Ah, no! son figli miei!—miei figli!
[*Li abbraccia, e piange.*
Clotilde!

SCENA II.—CLOTILDE e detta.

Nor. Corri! vola!
Adalgisa a me guida.
Clo. Ella quì presso—
Solitaria si aggrira, e prega e plora.
Nor. Va; si emendi il mio fallo, e poi, si mora!
[*Clotilde parte*

SCENA III.—ADALGISA e NORMA.

Ada. Me chiami, o Norma. Qual ti copre il volto
Tristo pallor?

Nor. Pallor di morte! Io tutta
L'onta mia ti rivelò. Una preghiera sola
Odi, e l'adempì: se pietà pur m'era
Il presente mio duolo, e il duol futuro.
Tutto, tutto, io prometto.

Ada. Il giura! Il giuro!
Nor. Odi:—Purgar quest' aura
Contaminata dalla mia presenza,
Ho risoluto. Nè trar, meco io posso;
Questi infelici!—a te, gli affido!

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Interior of Norma's Dwelling.*—*On one side, a Roman Couch, covered with Bear-skins, on which the children of Norma are sleeping.*

Enter **NORMA**, with a lamp and a dagger in her hand.—She seats herself, placing the lamp on a table.—She is pale and distracted.

Nor. They sleep—they will not see the hand
That strikes the blow; repent not, my heart,
They must die; their fate in Rome would be
Opprobrium (worse than their suffering here);
Slaves to a stepmother!—Ah no! never!
[*She rises.*

Better they should die!—yes. I cannot
[*Advancing, then drawing back.*
Draw nearer—chill seizes me;
On my brow my hair stands erect.
Murder my children! my helpless children—
My own dear offspring! [*With tenderness.*
Nurtur'd at this breast—they who once
Were my delight!—in whose fond smile
The parson of Heaven I thought I saw—
I, I, their murderer! What is their crime?
They are the children of Pollio:
That is their crime? To me they're dead—
For him they die;
May their sacrifice cause him remorse eternal!
Now will I strike!

[*She advances towards the Couch, and raises her dagger—then utters a fearful scream, which awakens the Children.*

Ah, no! they are my children!—my children!
[*She embraces them, and weeps*
Clotilde!

SCENE II.—CLOTILDE, and the same.

Nor. Hasten! fly!
Bring Adalgisa to me.
Clo. She is near—
Lonely she wanders, praying and in tears.
Nor. Go; I will atone my crime, then die!
[*Exit Clotilde.*

SCENE III.—ADALGISA and NORMA.

Ada. Thou call'st me, Norma. What horrid pallor
O'erspreads thy features?

Nor. That of death! Now all
My shame will I reveal. One prayer only
Hear, and my wish fulfil, if thou canst pity
My present grief, my future woe.
All, all, I promise thee.

Ada. But swear!
Nor. I swear!
Ada. Hear me:—To purify and free the air,
Too long contaminated by my presence,
Is my resolve. Take them with me I cannot,
What misery!—to thee, then, I confide them!

Ada. O, Cielo!

Nor. Nel Romano campo
Guidali a lui—che nominar non oso.

Ada. Oh! che mai chiedi?

Nor. Sposo

Ti sia men crudo, io gli perdono, e moro.

Ada. Sposo!—Ah! non mai!

Nor. Pei figli suoi l'imploro.

Ada.

Oh, Heaven!

To me confide them?

Nor. Take them to him—his name I dare not utter.

Ada. Oh! what do st thou ask of me?

Nor. A husband may he be

Ada. To thee less faithless; I forgive him, and die.

Ada. A husband!—Ah! never!

Nor. I for his children ask it.

DEH! CON TE LI PRENDI—PRAY! BENEATH THY CARE. AIR. NORMA.

Allegretto Moderato.

The musical score consists of six staves of music for voice and piano. The lyrics are written below each staff. The vocal line starts with 'Deh! con te, con te, li pren - di. Li so - stie - ni, li di - fin - di! Non ti'. The piano accompaniment features eighth-note chords and sustained notes. The vocal line continues with 'Pray! be-neath thy care be - friend them, And from ev' - ry ill de - fend them! Not for'. The piano accompaniment changes to a more rhythmic pattern with sixteenth-note chords. The vocal line then begins with 'chie - do o-norie fa - sci—A tuoi fi - gli ei fian ser - ba - ti: Pre - go sol che'. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with sustained notes and eighth-note chords. The vocal line continues with 'ho-nours I im-plore thee—These thy chil - dren's por-tions store thee: I but ask thou'l -'. The piano accompaniment becomes more complex with sixteenth-note patterns. The vocal line then begins with 'i miei non la - sci, Schiavi ab-biet-ti, ab - bnn - do - na - ti—Bas-tia te che di-sprez -'. The piano accompaniment continues with sustained notes and eighth-note chords. The vocal line continues with 'not deceive them, Nor to ab - ject slav' - ry leave them—For re - mem - ber that des -'. The piano accompaniment changes to a more rhythmic pattern. The vocal line then begins with 'za - ta, Che tra - di - ta io fui per te! A - - - dal - gi - sa, deh ti'. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with sustained notes and eighth-note chords. The vocal line continues with 'pis'd, be - tray'd. For - sa - ken, I've been for thee! A - - - dal - gi - sa, I im -'. The piano accompaniment becomes more complex with sixteenth-note patterns. The vocal line then begins with 'mo - va, tan - to stra - zio del mio cor; A - - - dal - gi - sa,'. The piano accompaniment continues with sustained notes and eighth-note chords. The vocal line continues with 'plore thee, grant the pray'r of my poor heart; A - - - dal - gi - sa,'. The piano accompaniment changes to a more rhythmic pattern. The vocal line then begins with 'deh . . . ti mo - va, tan - to stra - - - - - zio del mio cor.'. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with sustained notes and eighth-note chords. The vocal line continues with 'I . . . im - plore thee, Grant the pray'r of my poor heart.'

Ada. Norma! ah, Norma! ancora amata!

Madre ancor sarai per me—

Tienti i figli. Non fia mai

Ch'io mi tolga a queste arene.

Nor. Tu giurasti.

Ada. Sì, giurai;

Ma il tuo bene—il sol tuo bene—

Vado al campo, ed all'ingrato.

Tutti io reco i tuoi lamenti

La pietà che mi hai destato.

Parlerà sublimi accenti.

Spera,—spera: amor, natura

Ridestarsi in lui vedrai,—

Del suo cor son io secura—

Norma ancor vi regnerà!

Nor. Ch'io lo preghi? ah! no—giammal!

Piu non t'odo—parti, va!

Ada. Norma! ah, Norma! still belov'd!

A mother shalt thou be to me—

Still keep thy children. Never shall it be

That I will quit these hallow'd woods,

But thou hast sworn.

Ada. Yes, I have sworn;

To seek thy happiness—restore thy peace—

To the camp of the ingrate will I go,

And reveal thy sad lamentations.

The ardent pity thou in me hast kindled,

Shall speak to him in inspiration's accents.

Hope all—yes, all: love and nature

Awaken'd in him shall again be seen,—

His heart to thee I will secure once more—

Norma again shall reign triumphant!

Nor. What! I supplicate him? ah! no—never!

I can no longer listen—hence, away!

NORMA.

MIRA, O NORMA—SEE, OH NORMA. DUET. ADALGISA and NORMA.

ADALGISA. *Andante.*

Mi-ra, o Nor-ma! ai tuo i gi-noc-chi, Ques-ti ca-ri tuo i par-go-let-ti: Ah! pie-
See, oh, Nor-ma! low - ly kneel-ing. These thy chil - dren . sweet en-dear-ing; Some

ti - de di lor, ti toc-chi, Se . . . non hai, non hai, di te pie-tà. Ah! per-
pi-ty have for them, un-car-ing. Thongh for thy-self, thy-self, thou feel - est none. Ah!

chè, per - chè, la mia cos - tan - za, Vuoi sce - mar . . . con molli af - fet - ti? Più lu-
why thus, my cou - rage shak - ing. With these words . . . so soft, so ten - der? No more

sin - ghe, ah più spe - ran - za, Pres - so a - mor-te un cor non . . . ha.
feel - ing hope can ren - der, Nor more in - spire a dy-ing heart like mine.

Ada. Cedi, deh! cedi!

Nor. Ah! lasciami!

Ei t'ama.

E già sen pente.

Nor. E tu?

Lo amo, quest' anima

Sol l'amistade or sente.

Nor. O giovinetta!—E vuoi?

Ada. Renderti i diritti tuo-i

O teco, al Cielo e agli uomini,

Giuro celarmi ognor.

Nor. Hai vinto, hai vinto. Abbracciami—

Trovo un' amica ancor.

Ada. Yield, oh yield to my entreaties!

Nor. Leave me!

Loves he not thee?

He is now repentant.

Ada. And thou?

With love my heart was fir'd,

But friendship now is all I feel.

Nor. Young maiden!—what would'st thou?

Ada. Restore to thee what is justly thine,

Or else with thee from Heaven and man,

I swear, concealed to live for ever,

Nor. I am vanquish'd, conquer'd. Embrace me—

I find a friend is left me yet,

SI FINO ALL' ORE ESTREME.—CALMLY TILL CLOSES. DUET. NORMA and ADALGISA.

NORMA. *Allegretto.*

Si, fino all' o - re, all' o - re e - stre-me, Com - pa - gna tu - a, com - pa - gna m'a-
Calm-ly till clos-es life's last fleet-ing moment, Tru - ly to thee a com-pa-ion I'll

Adalgisa.

tra - i; Per ri - co - vrar - ci, per ri - co - vrar - ci in - sie - me— Am - pia e la ter - ra è la
prove; A - bove us one roof shall give safe-ty's en - joyment—This world'swide e-nough to yield

ter - ra - as - sa - i. Te - co del fa - to ull' on - te, Ferma op - por - rò la
shel - ter'gainst love. To - ge-ther fate op - pos - ing. Ris - ing, brav - ing

Te - co del fa - to ull'
To - ge-ther fate op -

fron - te, Fin - chè il mio core a bat - te-re, Io sen - ta sul tuo cor;
sor - row, On thy breast re - pos - ing, Calm my breast will bor - row;

on - te, Fer-ma op - per - rò la fron - te, Fin - chemibat - te il cor sen -
pos - ing. Ris - ing, brav - ing sor - row, On thy breast re - pos - - -

Sen - ta, sul tuo cor, Io sen - - - - ta, Io
Calm my breast, calm my breast will bor - - - - row, My

ta, Sul tuo cor, sul cor, Io sen - - - - ta, Io
ing. Calm my breast will bor - - - - row, My

sen - ta sul tuo cor, Io sen - ta sul tuo cor,
breast will bor-row, will bor - - - - row, My breast, my breast will bor-

row, My breast

[Partono.]

[Exeunt.]

SCENA IV.—Luogo solitario presso il Bosco dei Druidi, cinto da burroni e da Caverne.—In fondo un Lago, attraversato da un Ponte di Pietra.

Guerrieri e Galli.

Coro 1. Non parti?

Finora è al campo—

Coro 2.

Tutto il dice: i feri carmi,

Il fragore, il suon del' armi,

Delle insegne il ventilar..

SCENE IV.—A solitary spot near the Druids' Wood, surrounded by rocky Caverns.—In the distance is a Lake, over which is a Stone Bridge.

Enter Warriors and Gauls.

1st Cho. Has he departed?

2nd Cho.

He's still in the camp—

All things bespeak it: the fierce warlike song,
The clang of arms, that e'erless sound;
Their standards still triumphant wave.

Tutti. Attendum un breve inciampo
Non ci turbi, — non ci arresti,
E in silenzio il cor si appresti
La grand' opra a consumar.

SCENA V.—OROVOSE e detti,

Oro. Guerrieri! a voi venirne
Credea fortiero d' avvenir migliore:
Il gran se' ardore,
L'ira che in sen vi bolle,
Io credea secundar — ma il Dio nol volle.
Coro. Come? E le nostre selve
L'abborrito Proconsolo non lascia? —
Non riede al Tebro?

Oro. Ma più temuto, e fero
Latino condottiero,
A Pollion succede; e di novelle
Possenti Legioni,
Afforza il campo che ne tien prigioni.
Coro. E Norma li sa? — Di pace
E consigliera ancor?

Oro. Invan di Norma
La mente investigai.

Coro. E che far pensi?
Oro. Al fatto
Piegar la fronte; — separarci, e nullo
Lasciar sospetto del fallito intento.
Coro. E finger sempre?

Oro. Amara legge il sento!
Ah! del Tebro al giogo indegno
Fremo io pure — e all'armi anelo; —
Ma nemico è sempre il Cielo; —
Ma consiglio è il simular:
Divoriamo in cor lo sdegno,
Tal che Roma estinto il creda:
Di verrà, che desto, ei rieda,
Più tremendo a divampar!
Coro. Sì, fingiam, se il finger giovi;
Ma il furor in sen si covi; —
Guai per Roma, allor che il segno
Dia dell' armi il sacro altar!

[Partono.

SCENA VI.—Tempio d' Irminsul: Ara da un lato.

NORMA, indi CLOTILDE.

Nor. Ei tornerà. — Sì! mia fidanza è posta
In Adalgisa: ei tornerà pentito—
Supplichevole, amante! O! a tal pensiero,
Sparisce il nuvol nero
Che mi premea la fronte; e il sol m' arride,
Come del primo amor nei dì felici.

Esce CLOTILDE.

Clo. Clotilde!
Nor. O, Norma! uopo è d' ardir.
Clo. Che dici?
Nor. Lassa!
Clo. Favella!
Nor. Indarno
Parlò Adalgisa, e pianse.
Nor. Ed io fidarmi
Di lei dovea? di mano uscirmi, e bella
Del suo dolore, presentarsi all' empio?
Ella tramava!

NORMA.

All. Let us be patient: a slight impediment
Must not disturb us,—nor stop our progress.
In silence let us our hearts prepare
The glorious work to consummate.

SCENE V.—Enter OROVOSE.

Oro. Gallant warriors! I had hop'd
To be the messenger of better prospects:
The patriotic zeal, the generous ardour,
The noble rage which in your bosoms burn,
I hop'd to second—the God wills differently.
Cho. How is it that our consecrated woods
This abhor'd Proconsul does not leave? —
Returns not to the Tiber?

Oro. A more fierce
And cruel Roman commander,
To Pollio succeeds; and myriads of new
O'erpow'ring Legions, eager to destroy,
Reinforce the camp to keep us in subjection.
Cho. Does Norma know this? — Does she peace
Still counsel us?

Oro. I in vain of Norma
The mind have sought.

Cho. How wilt thou act?
Oro. To fate
Submissive bow; — separate all, and nothing
Leave to awake suspicion of intentions.

Cho. Dissembling ever?

Oro. A bitter law I feel it!

Ah! at the Tiber's yoke dishonourable
I alike rage—alike for arms I pant; —
But unfriendly to us still is Heaven! —
My counsel, then, is, we dissimulate:
Let's stile in our hearts our indignation,
That Rome extinguish'd may believe it:
The day will come, when it shall return,
More terribly to vanquish and destroy!

Cho. Yes, let us feign, if feigning help us;
But fury in our bosoms still we'll shroud;
Woe be to Rome, whene'er the fatal signal,
To arms, sounds from our sacred altar!

[Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—Temple of Irminsul: Altar on one side.

Enter NORMA, afterwards CLOTILDE.

Nor. He will return. — Ah, yes! my faith is firm
In Adalgisa: he'll return repentant—
A supplicating lover! At that thought,
How disappear the clouds that late so darkly
Oppress'd my brow! the bright sun smiles,
As in my first lov'd days of happiness.

Enter CLOTILDE.

Clo. Clotilde!
Nor. Oh, Norma! summon courage.
Clo. Speak?
Nor. Alas!
Clo. Tell me all
Nor. Vainly
Clo. Spoke Adalgisa's tears.
Nor. Should I have
Trusted her? let her, so beauteous
In sorrow, seek that impious one?
She has betrayed me!

Cho. Ella ritorna al tempio
Trista, dolente implora
Di profferir suoi voti.

Ed egli?

Nor. Ed egli?

Clo. Rapirla giura anco all' altar del Nume!

Nor. Troppo il felon presume;
Lo previen, mia vendetta, e qui di sangue—

Sangue Romano—scorreran torrenti!

[*Si appressa all' ara, e batte tre volte lo scudo d' Irminsul.*]

Coro. [Di dentro.] Squilla il bronzo del Dio!

Clo. Cielo! che tenti?

SCENA VII.—Accorono, da varie parti, OROVESO, i Druidi, i Bardi, e le Ministre.—A poco a poco il Tempio si riempie d' armati.—Norma si colloca sull' Altare.

Oro. Norma, che fu? Percosso
Lo scudo d' Irminsul, quali alla terra
Decreti, intima?

Nor. Guerra! strage! sterminio!

Oro. E a noi pur dianzi pace
S' imponca pel tuo labbro?

Nor. Ed ira adesso—

Armi, furore, e morti!
Il canticò di guerra alzate, o forti—
Guerra, guerra! Le Galliche selve
Quante han quercie producon guerrier.
Qual sui greggi fameieche belve,
Sui Romani van essi a cader.
Sangue! sangue! le Galliche scuri
Fino al tronco bagnate no son,
Sovra i flutti del Liguri impuri,
Ei gorgoglia, con funbre, suon.
Strage! strage! sterminio, vendetta!
Già comincia, si compie, si affretta.
Come biade da falci mietute,
Son di Roma le schiere cadute;
Tronchi i vanni, recisi gli artigli,
Abbatuta ecco l' aquila al suol!
A mirar il trionfo dei figli,
Viene il Dio sovra un raggio di sol.

Oro. Nè compi il rito, o Norma?
Nè la vittima accenni?

Nor. Ella fia pronta.
Non mai l' altar tremendo
Di vittime mancò.—Ma quel tumulto?

SCENA VIII.—CLOTILDE, frettolosa, e detti.

Clo. Al nostro tempio insulto
Feece un Romano: nella sacra chiostra
Delle vergini alunne egli fu colto.

Tutti. Un Romano?

Nor. (Che ascolto?)
Se mai foss' egli?

Tutti. A noi vien trattato!

Nor. (E desso:) (E desso:)

SCENA IX.—POLLIONE, fra Soldati e detti.

Oro. E Pollione!

Nor. (Son vendicata adesso!)

Oro. Sacrilego nemico! e chi ti spinse

A violar queste temute soglie?

A sfidar l' ira d' Irminsul?

Clo. She has resought the temple,
Sorrow-stricken, earnestly imploring
To offer up her vows.

Nor. And he?

Clo. And he swears

Nor. To force her e'en from the altar of her God!

Nor. Too much, foul traitor, he presumes;

Forestall'd by my vengeance, seas of blood—

Of Roman blood—shall flow forth in torrents!

[*She approaches the Altar, and thrice strikes the shield of Irminsul.*]

Clo. [Within.] The sacred shield has sounded!

Clo. Heavens! what darst thou?

SCENE VII.—Enter hastily, from various sides, OROVESO, Druids, Bards, and officiating Priestesses.—By little and little the Temple becomes filled with armed Men.—Norma takes her place on the Altar.

Oro. Norma, why summon us? That dread sound,
The shield of Irminsul, what, to this earth
Decreeing, does it intimate?

Nor. War! carnage! extermination!

Oro. And yet but lately was peace

Impos'd by thine own lips?

Nor. Wrath now I'd wake—

Arms, fury, exterminating death!
Quick, let the song of war rise loudly—
War to the steel! The Gallic forests
Shall, numerous as their oaks, produce warriors.
As on our flocks rush famish'd beasts of prey,
So we the Romans will o'erpower, destroy.
Blood! blood! the Gallic battle-axes
Shall cut them off for ever,
And the dark waters of the foul Liguri,
Flowing o'er them, sound their dirge.
Slaughter! extermination! vengeance!
Commence, and hasten to complete.
Like ripen'd corn beneath the sickle
Shall the Roman forces fall;
Clipp'd the proud wings, and cut the talons,
O'erthrown on the earth shall the eagle lie!
To triumph in his children's triumph,
Will come our God, radiant as the sun.

Oro. Do'st thou not consummate the rite, oh Norma?
Nor yet point out the victim?

Nor. The victim is ready.
Never, did this dread altar
Its victim lack.—But say, why this tumult?

SCENE VIII.—CLOTILDE, hastily, and the same.

Clo. Our temple has been insulted
By a Roman: in the sacred cloister
Of our noviciate virgins was he surpris'd.

All. A Roman?

Nor. (What do I hear?)

All. Should it be he?

Nor. To us he's dragg'd!

(It is!)

SCENE IX.—Enter POLLIO, conducted by Soldiers

Oro. Pollio!

Nor. (This moment avenges me!)

Oro. Sacrilegio nemico! what demon urg'd thee

To violate our calm secluded shrine?—

Defy the wrath of Irminsul!

NORMA.

Pol. Ma non interrogarmi.
Nor. *Svelandomisi!* Io ferir deggio!
Pol. Scostatevi! Chi veggio?—
Nor. Norma!
Tutti. Sì, Norma!
Il sacro ferro impugna!
Vendica il tempio e il Dio.
Nor. [Prende il Pugnale dalle mani di Oroveso.] Sì, feriamo!—Ah! [Si arresta.]
Tutti. Tu tremi!
Nor. (Ah! non poss' io!) Che fia! perchè t' arresti?
Oro. (Poss' io sentir pietà!) Coro. Ferisci!
Nor. Io deggio Interrogarlo, investigar qual sia—
L' insidiata, o complice ministra —
Che il profan persuase a fallo estremo.
Ite per poco.
Oro. Che far pensa?
Coro. } (Io tremo!)
Pol. [Oroveso e il Coro si ritirano.—Il Tempio rimane sgombro.]
SCENA X.—NORMA e POLLIONE.

Nor. In mia mano alfin tu sei;
Nun potria spezzar tuoi nodi:
Io lo posso!
Pol. Tu!—nol dei.
Nor. Io lo voglio.
Pol. Come?
Nor. M' odi:—
Pel tuo Dio, pe' figli tuoi,
Giurar dei, che d' ora in poi,
Adalgisa fuggirai.
All' altar non la torrai:
E la vita ti perdonò,
E non più ti rivedrò.
Giura!
Pol. No; sì vil non sono.
Nor. Giura! giura!
Pol. Ah! pria morrò.
Nor. Non sai tu, che il mio furore
Passa il tuo?
Pol. Ch' ei piombi attendo.
Nor. Non sai tu che ai figli in core
Questo ferro—
Pol. O, Dio! che intendo?
Nor. Sì, sovr' essi alzai la punta—
Vedi, vedi, a che son giunta!
Non ferii: ma tosto—adesso,
Consumar poss' io l' eccesso!
Un' istante, e d' esser madre,
Mi poss' io dimenticar.
Pol. Ah, crudele!—In sen del padre
Il pugnali tu dei vibrar:
A me il porgi.
Nor. A te!
Pol. Che spento
Cada io solo.
Nor. Solo! Tutti—
I Romani—a cento a cento—

Pol. Strike!
Nor. But do not question me.
All. [Discovering herself.] The blow be mine!
Draw back!
Pol. Whom do I see?—
Norma! Yes, Norma!
The sacred weapon wield!
All. Vindicate at once thy God and temple.
Nor. [Taking the Sword from Oroveso's hand.] Yes, let me strike!—Ah! [She hesitates.]
All. Thou tremblest!
Nor. (Ah! I cannot!) What means this? what now stays thee?
N.v.r. (Can I, then, pity feel?)
Cho. Strike!
Nor. I must Interrogate, find out who aided him—
What deceitful priestess prompted
This most profane one to a crime so dire.
Withdraw awhile.
Oro. } What means all this?
Cho. } (I tremble!)
Pol. [Exeunt Oroveso and Chorus.—The Temple is cleared.]
SCENE X.—NORMA and POLLIONE.
Nor. To my hands consign'd at length thou art;
No one is able now to break thy bonds:
I only can!
Pol. Thou! but thou must not.
Nor. I have the will.
Pol. How?
Nor. Hear me:—
By thy God, and by thy helpless children,
Swear, that from this hour, for ever
Thou wilt from Adalgisa fly,
Nor from our altar bear her off:
Then I will grant thy forfeit life,
And never see thee more.
Swear!
Pol. Never!—No; so vile I am not.
Nor. Swear! swear!
Pol. Ah! sooner will I die.
Nor. Know'st thou not the fury of my purpose
Is greater far than thine?
Pol. Let it descend.
Nor. And that in thy children's hearts
This dagger—
Pol. Oh Gods! what do I hear?
Yes, o'er them I've already rais'd its point—
See, see, to what extreme thou'rt driven me!
I struck not then; but soon—instantly,
I'll consummate my fearful, wild excess!
A moment, and that I am a mother,
I will wash out all memory of.
Ah, cruel!—In the bosom of the father
More justly should it be plung'd:
To me, then, deal it.
Nor. To thee!
Pol. That I
Alone may perish.
Nor. Alone! Nay, all—
The Romans—hundreds upon hundreds—

Fian mietuti, fian distrutti;
E Adalgisa— Ahimè!
Pol. Infedela
Nor. A' suoi voti! Ebben, crudele!
Pol. Adalgisa fia punita;
Nelle fiamme perirà.
Pol. Oh, ti prendi la mia vita!
Ma di lei, di lei pietà!
Nor. Preghi alfine?—Indego, è tardi:
Nel suo cor ti vo' ferire!
Già mi pasco ne' tuoi sguardi
Del tuo duol, del suo morire!
Posso alfine, e voglio farti
Infelice al par di me!
Pol. Ah! t'appaghi il mio terrore!
Al tuo piè son io piangente:
In me sfoga il tuo furore,
Ma risparmia un'innocente!
Basti, ah! basti a vendicarti
Ch'io mi sveni innanzi a te.
Dammi quel ferro.
Nor. Sorgi:
Scostati.
Pol. Il ferro! il ferro!
Nor. Olà! ministri, sacerdoti, accorrete!

SCENA ULTIMA.—Ritornano OROVESO, i Druidi, i Bardi, e i Guerrieri.

Nor. Al' ira vostra
Nuova vittima io svelo: una spengiura
Sacerdotessa i sacri voti infrange,
Traîl la patria, il Dio degli avi offese.
Tutti. O, delitto! O, furor! ne sia palese.
Nor. Sì, preparate il rogo!
Pel. O! ancor, ti prego,
Norma, pietà!
Tutti. Ne svela il nome?
Nor. L'innocente accusar del fallo mio? (Io, rea,
Parla, chi è dessa?
Pol. Ah, non lo dir!
Nor. Son io!
Oro. Tu, Norma?
Nor. Io, stessa! Il rogo ergete.
Tutti. D' orrore io gelo!
Pol. (Mi manca il cor!)
Tutti. Tu delinquente!
Pol. Non le credete!
Nor. Norma non mente.
Oro. O! mio rossor!

Shall fall, in one wide destruction;
And Adalgisa— Ah me, alas!
Nor. The traitress
To our altar's vows!
Pol. Passionate cruelty!
Nor. Adalgisa shall suffer due punishment;
In torturing flames unpitied perish.
Pol. Oh, rather take my life!
But upon her, on her have pity!
Nor. Base prayers at last?—tis too late:
Through her's thy heart I'll strike!
My pasturage shall be thy guilty soul—
Shall be thy anguish, her righteous death!
I can at last, and will, make thee
As wretched as myself!
Pol. Ah! content thee with my terror!
At thy feet see me lonely weeping:
On me expend the fury of thy anger,
But oh, spare thou the innocent!
Enough, ah! enough in vindication
That I fall lifelessly before thee.
Give me the dagger.
Nor. Arise!
Begone.
Pol. The dagger! the dagger!
Nor. Ho! ministers, priests, hither hasten!
SCENE THE LAST.—Re-enter OROVESO, Druids, Bards, and Warriors.

Nor. To your righteous wrath
I a new victim will reveal: a perjur'd
Priestess, who her sacred vows has broken,
Betray'd her land, her father's God offended.
All. Horrible crime! Oh, fury! make her known.
Nor. Yes, prepare the pile!
Pel. Again I pray thee,
Norma, have pity!
All. Her name?
Nor. (I, the misdoer,
The innocent accuse, and of my crime?)
All. Speak, who is she?
Pol. Oh, do not say!
Nor. 'Tis I!
Oro. Thou, Norma?
Nor. I, myself! The pile make ready.
All. With horror we are chill'd!
Pol. (My failing heart!)
All. Thou an offender!
Pel. Oh, do not believe it!
Nor. Norma hath never lied.
Oro. Oh! what agony!

QUAL COR TRADISTI—THE HEART THOU'ST SLIGHTED. DUET. NORMA and POLLIO.*Andante. NORMA.*

Qual cor tra - di - sti, Qual cor per - de - sti, Quest'ora or - ren - da, Ti ma - ni -
The heart thou'st slight - ed, The heart thou'st blight - ed, Now lost, be-night - ed, This dread hour
 fe - - - sti;— Da me fug - gi - re, Ten - ta - sti in - va - no,— Cru - del Ro -
shows . thee;— Twere vain to fly me, Neg - lect, de - fy me,— False Ro - man

NORMA.

ma - no, Tu sei con me, Un Nume, un fa - to Di te più
 aigh me, Thy love I claim. A God, whose pow - er Thou'st felt o'er-
 for - te, Ci vuole u - ni - ti In vita e in mor - te, Sul ro-go i -
 tow - er, Rules this dark hour, . . . Comes to op - pose thee, This fate de-
 stes - so Che mi di - vo - ra, Sot - ter - ruan - co - ra, Sa - rò con
 cree - ing - That still our be - ing, In life and death a - like, We share the

POLLINE.

te. Ah! trop - po tar - di, Tho co - no - sciu - ta, Su - bli - me don - na,
 name. Too late the plight - ed, In love u - ni - ted. The lost, the slight - ed,
 NORMA.
 Qual cor, qual cor tra - di - sti, Qual co - re, Qual
 The heart, the heart thou'st slighted. The heart, The
 Io thoper - du - ta - Col mio ri - mor - so Eamor ri - na - to, Più di - spe -
 I find a - bove me; Re-morse o'er - tak - ing A heart that's breaking, New love a

cor Qual cor.
 heart The heart.
 ra - to, Fu - rente e - gliè. Moriamo in - sie - me, Ah, sì, mo -
 wak - ing, I feel for thee. To - ge - ther dy - ing, Life's la - test

Quest' ora or - ren - da.
 Now lost, be-night-ed.
 ria - - - mo: L'estremo, ac - cen - to sa - rà ch'io l'a - mo;— Ma tu mo -
 sigh - - - ing Shall mur-mur, dy - ing, I love, I love but thee;— Then when life's
 ren - do, Non m'abbor - ri - re, Pria di mo - ri - re, Per - do - na a me.
 wan - ing, Breathe no com-plain-ing, At my dis - disdain - ing, But par - don me.

Oro. } O, in te ritorna, ci rassicura!
 Coro. } Canuto padre ne scongiura:
 Di che deliri, di che tu menti,
 Che stolti accentui uscir da te.
 Il Dio severo che quì t'intende
 Se stassi nuto, se il tuon sospende,
 Indizio è questo, indizio espresso
 Che tanto eccesso punir non de',
 Oro. Norma! deh, Norma! scolpati!
 Taci! ne ascolta appena?

Nor. Cielo e i miei figli!

Pol. [Scuotendosi con un grido.] Ahi! miseri!

Nor. [Volgendosi a Pollione.] I nostri figli!

Pol. O pena!

Coro. Norma, sei rea?

Nor. [Disperatamente.] Sì, rea!

Oltre ogni umana idea!

Oro. Empia!

Coro. Tu m' odi!

Oro. Scostati!

Nor. Deh m' odi!

Oro. O, mio dolor!

Nor. [Piano ad Oroveso.] Son madre!

Oro. Madre!

Nor. Acquetai!

Clotilde ha i figli miei:

Tu li raccegli—e ai barbari

L'involga insiem con lei.

Oro. Giammai! giammai! Va—lasciami!

Nor. Ah, padre! un priego ancor! [S' inginoc.

Oro. } Oh, to thyself return, and reassure us!
 Cho. } The gray hairs of a father supplicate thee:
 Say 'twas delirium, and spoken falsely;
 That senseless words fell idly from thee.
 The God severe, who heard thee,
 Remaining silent, his thunder suspending,
 Indicates clearly, indicates expressly,
 That thus he pardon doth proclaim.

Oro. Norma! oh, Norma! vindicate thyself!
 Silent! what does this portend?

Nor. Heaven and my children!

Pol. [With great emotion.] Alas! most miserable!

Nor. [Turning to Pollio.] Our hapless children!

Pol. Utterable anguish!

Cho. Norma, art thou guilty?

Nor. [With desperation.] Yes, guilty!
 Beyond all mortal thought!

Oro. Impious!

Cho. Impious!

Nor. Oh, hear me!

Oro. Away!

Nor. Hear me a moment!

Oro. Oh, endless sorrow!

Nor. [In a low voice to Oroveso.] I am a mother!

Oro. A mother!

Nor. Soft, be calm!

Clotilde has my children:
 Do thou receive them—from barbarians
 Protect alike both them and her.

Oro. Never! never! Leave me—away!

Nor. Ah, father! one prayer more! [Kneeling,

DEH! NON VOLERLI VITTIME—OH! LET THEM NOT BE THE VICTIMS. AIR. NORMA.

Moderato.

Deh! non voler li vit - ti - me Del mio fa - ta - le er - ro - re-
 Oh! let them not be vic - - times Of this my fa - tal er - - ror-

Deh! non tron - car sul fio - - re Quell' in - no - cen - te e - tà.
 Oh! wi - ther not in blos - - som Such fair and in - no - cent flow'rs

Pen - - sa che son tuo san - - gue Ab - - bi di lor pie - ta - - de! Ah!
 Through them thy blood is flow - - ing Spare it, pi - ty be - stow - - ing! Ah!

pa - dre! ab - bi di lor, di lor pie - tà, . . . ab - bi di
fa - ther! pi - ty be - stow, pi - ty be - stow, . . . pi - ty be -

lor, di lor pie - tà, . . . ab - bi di lor, di lor pie - tà.
stow, pi - ty be - stow, . . . Spare thou them, pi - ty be - stow.

NORMA.

Oro. Oppresso è il core.
 Nor. Piangi, e perdonar!
 Oro. Ha vinto amore!
 Nor. Ah! tu perdoni—quel pianto il dice.
 Pol. } Io più non chiedo—lo son felice.
 Nor. Contento^o il rogo, ascenderò.
 Oro. Ah! consolarmene—mai non potrò.
 Coro. Piange, prega, che mai spera?
 Qui respinta è la preghiera.
 Le si spogli il erin del serto:
 Sia coperto, di squallor!
 [I Druidi coprono d'un Velo nero la Sacerdotessa.
 Vanne al rogo! Ed il tuo scempio
 Purghi l'ara, e lavi il tempio.
 Maledetta all'ultim' ora!
 Maledetta estinta ancor!
 Oro. Va, infelice!
 Nor. [Incamminandosi.] Padre, addio!
 Pol. Il tuo rogo, o Norma! è il mio.
 Nor. } Là più puro, là più santo,
 Pol. } Incomincia eterno amor!
 Oro. Sgorba alfin—prorompi, o pianto!
 Sei permesso a un genitor.

Oro. Oppress'd I feel my heart,
 Nor. Weep, and pardon me!
 Oro. Thou'st conquer'd, love!
 Nor. Ah! thou pardon'st me—those tears bespeak it.
 Pol. } No more I ask—I now am bless'd!
 Nor. Contented, we'll the fatal pile ascend.
 Oro. What can console me—what give me rest?
 Cho. Tears, prayers, what hope has she aught can
 befriend?
 Rejected here shall be her prayers.
 Tear off the wreath her brow now wears,
 And shroud it with the hue of death!
 [The Druids throw a black Veil over Norma.
 Hence to the pile! May her last breath
 Pacify our altar, and our temple.
 Malediction wait her final hour!
 Malediction after life have power!
 Oro. Go, unhappy one!
 Nor. [Going to the pile.] Father, fare-thee-well!
 Pol. Thy funeral pyre, oh Norma! shall be mine
 Nor. } There more pure, more bless'd d'above,
 Pol. Shall commenee eternal love!
 Oro. Gush out at last—break forth, oh tears!
 Nature permits thee to a suffering father.

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ETELKA GERSTER TO WEBER.

NEW YORK, December 16th, 1878. }
CLARENDON HOTEL. }

DEAR MR. WEBER: Thanks for the Grand Piano you have sent me. I like it *very much*, and find it *very excellent*. I shall be happy to *recommend* your fine instruments on *every occasion*.

ETELKA GERSTER.

ALBANI TO WEBER.

Monday, Feb. 15, 1875.

MR. WEBER: Dear Sir—I should be happy to see you, if convenient, as on Wednesday I sail for England—recalled suddenly by Mr. Gye—needless to say how regretfully, after so many pleasant evenings in America.

I used your splendid pianos here and about the Provinces, and have been thoroughly satisfied with them.

They deservedly merit the high distinction they have obtained.

With many sincere thanks, believe me,

Yours sincerely,

EMMA ALBANI.

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CLARENDON HOTEL, July 12th, 1878.

MY DEAR MR. WEBER: Many thanks, in which my wife joins, for the beautiful Upright Piano you were kind enough to send me to my room during my stay in your city. It has astonished me beyond measure. The fullness of its tone, its thorough musical quality, so even throughout, and the evenness and compactness of its touch, I have never before met. How so small an instrument can contain a perfect orchestra surprises me. The Grand Piano used at the Academy at my concerts only heightens my opinion of your work. I assure you I have never yet seen any pianos which equal yours. My heartiest wishes for your health and success.

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Opinions of the most Distinguished Artists.

NILSSON.

WINDSOR HOTEL, May 5th, 1874.

MR. A. WEBER:

Dear Sir—Please accept my best thanks for the *magnificent* Grand Piano that you sent me during my stay in New York. It is hardly necessary to say that it satisfied me in all respects, and I shall take every opportunity to *recommend* and *praise* your instruments to all my friends.

Believe me, dear sir, yours truly,

CHRISTINÉ NILSSON-ROUZAUD.

KELLOGG.

CLAREHURST, COLD SPRING, June 23d, 1874.

DEAR MR. WEBER:

For the last six years your pianos have been *my choice* for the concert-room and my own house, where one of your splendid Parlor Grands now stands. I have *praised* and *recommended* them to all my friends, and shall continue to do so, for it seems to me your instruments are becoming better every year.

Very truly yours,

CLARA LOUISA KELLOGG.

LUCCA.

NEW YORK, Nov. 26th, 1873.

DEAR MR. WEBER:

Let me kindly thank you for the Upright Piano which I used all summer in Kingston, and before that in the city, since my arrival in America. Your *Upright Pianos* are extraordinary instruments. They have an astonishing fullness and wealth of tone which adapts them well to the voice. The action I find charming, and this one surprises me by hardly ever needing the tuner. Your instruments fully deserve the great success which they have attained.

PAULINE LUCCA.

PATTI.

CLARENDOON HOTEL, April 3d, 1873.

ALBERT WEBER, ESQ.:

I must thank you for the very excellent instrument which accompanied us through our late concert tour. Exposed to an unusually severe winter and extraordinary changes of temperature, still your piano was ever ready, and caused myself and the troupe continued pleasure. The durability and extraordinary power of the Weber Piano, allied to such a lovely quality, astonished us, and will ever prove a theme of wonder to all of us. In the numerous concert tours with which I have been associated I have used the pianos of every celebrated maker, but give yours the preference over all. Accept my best wishes.

CARLOTTA PATTI.

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E. FACCIO, Grand Director of the Music and Conductor, "La Scala," to Campanini:

MILAN, September 18, 1879.

MY DEAR CAMPANINI:

I have seen and examined the **Superb Grand Piano** you have just purchased from Weber, New York, which, for **beauty and robustness of tone**, as well as for elegance of design, is truly remarkable, and must be classed among the **foremost pianos of our day**. Present my compliments to Mr. Weber for his admirable work, and you I congratulate on your enviable acquisition.

E. FACCIO.

G. LUCCA, the eminent musical critic and publisher to Campanini:

MILAN, September 24, 1878.

ESTEEMED FRIEND CAMPANINI:

I have seen your magnificent Grand Piano from Weber of New York, which you have lately purchased, and congratulate you on the possession of **such a splendid instrument**.

Please tell Mr. Weber I have found his piano **superior even to my high expectations**, and as soon as I have room for one in my house, will be glad to give an order for a similar one.

With kind regards, yours,

G. LUCCA.

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FOR HIS

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AS SHOWN BY THE FIGURES OF THE JUDGES, WHICH WERE THE

FUNDAMENTAL BASIS OF ALL AWARDS.

Her Majesty's Opera Company, of London, to WEBER.

NEW YORK, December 28, 1878.

A. WEBER, Esq.—*Dear Sir:* The following artists of Her Majesty's (Colonel Mapleson's) Opera Company, who have used ONLY YOUR, the Weber, pianos for their private use during their stay in New York City, while tendering their thanks for your kindness, deem it their duty to say that for *Pure* and *Sympathetic Richness of Tone*, coupled with greatest power and singing quality, they know of no piano which equals yours. Certainly for sustaining the voice already formed, or for the purpose of cultivating it, the Weber Piano is superior to any instrument known to us.

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